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PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH —EDITOR.—

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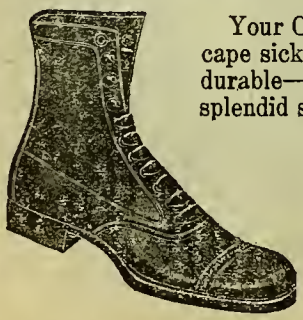

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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR
ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

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A VISIT TO "THE WAIFS' SUNDAY SCHOOL."

My Young Brothers and Sisters in Zion:

ALTHOUGH I have been separated from you for several months by six thousand miles of sea and land, I have not forgotten you—that would be impossible. I think of you often, especially on Sunday mornings, when we meet in our Sunday School here in Liverpool. Then my thoughts wander back to Zion, and I fancy I can see her tens of thousands of happy children, seated in good, warm, schoolrooms, around their loving teachers, learning the ways of the Lord, that they may walk in His paths.

I am going to tell you about a visit which I, in company with two other Elders, paid to "The Waifs' Sunday School" last Sunday morning. I had promised one of the officers that I would meet him at half-past seven o'clock on Sunday morn-

THE WAIFS' SUNDAY SCHOOL, LIVERPOOL.

ing, and go with him to the school. I did not get to bed till almost midnight Saturday night, and as I slipped in between the sheets, I expressed to myself the hope that I would not oversleep the time I had set for getting up.

I slept, I awoke. Turning on the electric light, and taking my watch from beneath my pillow, I found that I had slept just three and a half-hours—it was half-past three. I was afraid that if I fell asleep again I should not awake in time, so I decided to dress and spend the intervening time reading and writing. I fancy that I can see some of you laughing at the idea of my getting up at half past three o'clock in the morning in order to be in time for Sunday School. But I have learned the truth of the saying, "Half an hour too soon is better than half a minute too late." I saw a gentleman miss a train for London a few weeks ago by being one minute behind time. But I must "haste to the Sunday School."

We met the gentleman at the place appointed, and after a brisk half-hour's walk, we arrived at Crescent Congregational Church at 8 a. m., where we found about four hundred children, ranging from eighteen months to thirteen years. Considerable rain had fallen during the night, and the morning was cold and dreary. But notwithstanding the bad state of the weather, some of the children had been waiting at the church doors for over an hour. Fully fifty per cent of the poor, little souls had neither shoes nor stockings; the clothing of many of them was threadbare, torn and dirty: but under torn hats and caps I saw many bright little eyes, and beneath the torn coats and blouses I imagined that I could hear many brave little hearts beat. I suppose that you have already come to the conclusion that these children must have looked very sorrowful and unhappy. If you have, you are very much mistaken. They were just as happy and as full of life as any children that I have ever seen. You see, they do not know of the thousand good things which you and other children enjoy; they are ignorant of the luxuries and comforts of life, and their ignorance concerning these things brings bliss to them. "What the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve over." But even if they were to know, I do not believe that the knowledge would change them in the least. They would say, "Well, if we haven't got what we like, we will like what we have got." A tree is known by its fruit, and parents are known by their children. Judging the parents of these little waifs by their children, they must be poor, miserable creatures. And, indeed, such is the case. They lead wretched, drunken lives, and their "homes" are veritable hells upon earth.

An army of faithful workers—young men and young women—had been at the church from six o'clock in the morning, preparing sandwiches and hot tea for the hungry children. I am sure that this is the best meal they get during the entire week. Every Sunday morning during the winter from four hundred to eleven hundred children are given a free breakfast by these good people. Last year over eight thousand breakfasts were supplied. The food is purchased with voluntary contributions from kind-hearted people in Liverpool.

Two large rooms attached to the church are used to accommodate the children. The little ones are seated in rows at long tables, and each one is served with three large, corned-beef sandwiches and a pint of tea. That is to them a feast of fat things, and as they fill up their hungry little stomachs, they chat pleasantly to each other, and make the rooms resound with laughter. In the corner of one of the rooms we found what we termed "The Hospital Corps"—men and women, dressed in snow-white aprons, ministering to the comforts of "the wounded." A number of children with bruised and bleeding

hands and feet were taken in charge by these kind people. The women got down on their knees, washed tenderly in warm water the feet and hands of the little sufferers, and then turned them over to the "good physicians," who bandaged up their wounds and sent them away rejoicing. For over seventeen years this thoroughly Christian work has been going on. It has been done freely and for Jesus' sake. Surely those who have been and who are engaged in it will in no wise lose their reward. Every worker bears a well-earned title—there are Stokers who look after the fires, M. P.'s (mug packers), L. L. D.'s (loyal dusters who sweep out and dust every bench after the meeting, ready for the Sunday School), K. C. B.'s (knights of the brush), M. D.'s and B. D.'s (mistresses and bachelors of domesticology). Every man and woman knows his and her work, and they perform it with cheerful hearts and light countenances.

And now to the Sunday School. After breakfast, the children filed into a large room and took their seats. All those who desired to go home after breakfast were given the privilege of doing so. Only two left. Mr. W. H. Hope, the genial superintendent, whose name has become a household word in the poor districts of Liverpool, a man respected and loved by all who know him, and especially by these little waifs, ascended the platform, and addressed the assembly as follows: "Children we have visitors today, and I want you to tell them the first three rules of our school. What is rule 1? From the whole school came the answer quickly, "Hands still." "Rule 2?" "Feet still." "Rule 3?" "Tongues still." "Then," said the superintendent, "do it." The hymn, "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam," was announced, and with united voices the children sang the first verse with ease and sweetness. Then they changed from singing to whistling, and it was quite amusing to us to see nearly eight hundred little lips—for the girls whistled as well as the boys—pucker up and send forth as sweet a strain of music as we ever heard from children's lips. Then the balance of the song was sung, after which the superintendent offered up an earnest prayer in behalf of the little ones. He then addressed them for half an hour, after which a young lady read from the Bible the story of the rich man and Lazarus. The children listened quite attentively.

Mr. Hope then kindly invited me to address the children, which I did, telling them a story from my own life. I addressed them as "My little brothers and sisters," and on hearing these words many of them exclaimed, "Ah!" It seemed that they were not accustomed to being called by such familiar names. But I realized that they were, indeed, my little sisters and brothers, that their Father is my Father, and their God is my God. My heart went out in sympathy for them, and I felt that I would like to take them home with me to the land of Zion, where children are counted a heritage from the Lord, and where they are loved with all the affection which loving parents can bestow. When I had finished my story, the clapping of the children's hands was almost deafening, nor would they stop till the superintendent promised them to ask me to stand up before them again and pronounce the benediction, which I did, after a closing hymn had been sung. The children marched orderly out of the school, all of them bidding us "Good morning," as they passed, and many of them stopping to shake hands with us.

Many members of the school belong to what is known as "Try Company." The following are the conditions of membership:

"I will try to be clean in every habit of life."

"I will try every day, in the name of

Jesus Christ, to do something for someone younger than myself."

I believe that the children try to live up to these conditions. One little fellow, when asked a short time ago what kind act he had performed during the week, answered promptly, "I saw a little girl fall and I ran and picked her up." One of the workers told me that as he and two of the lady helpers were returning home one Sunday morning last winter, they encountered a crowd of small boys, who had a pile of icy snowballs ready for use. The gentleman advised the ladies to put up their umbrellas in order to protect themselves from the snowballs. As they approached the boys the eldest of the group turned to his companions and shouted, "Hold, kids! It's our breakfast man; an' the first feller that throws a snowball I'll burst him." This was evidence enough of their appreciation of the kindness of these good people, kindness which will never be forgotten, and which is recorded in heaven for the angels to look upon.

As we left the school I realized more fully than ever before the depth of meaning in the Master's words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these little ones of mine, ye have done it unto me."

William A. Morton.

VOICES FROM NATURE

[EXTRACTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ELDER KARL G. MAESER.]

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

IN the year 1813, during the great war which then raged in Europe, when the Russians came into Germany they brought with them thousands of Cossacks, a barbarous people, who subjected the inhabitants of the land to numberless annoyances and sufferings. My native place had been visited in turns by the French, Prussians, and now also by the savages. The people had been stripped of everything, being scarcely able to sustain their own lives. The chief magistrate of one of the towns, after having satisfied the endless demands of the wild conquerors, almost to his last mouthful, found himself unable to give any more. One day a whole band of Cossacks entered his home tumultously, and their leader, failing to obtain what he wanted, took the owner by the throat, threatening to kill him and burn down his house. In the scuffle, they approached a cradle in which a little child was sleeping. Suddenly the Cossack released his hold upon the man, looked upon the child, and bursting into tears, lifted it up in his arms, kissed it and handed it around to his comrades, who all kissed it and danced with it around the room. Their whole nature seemed to have changed all at once, and while some played tenderly with the child, others hurried off soon to return with fowls, bread and provisions of all kinds, which they forced upon the astonished parents, who had been saved from death, perhaps, by their sleeping child, whose innocent face had called to the minds of those wild men the picture of their own little huts on the far-off banks of the river Don and the Black Sea, where their own little ones were perhaps peacefully sleeping and dreaming of their fathers on the distant battlefields. That little child, however, that by the voice of nature, changed in a moment bloodthirsty savages into gentle beings, has told me the story herself in later years, for she was my own mother.

Look upon your little brother or baby

sister, my young readers, sleeping in its cradle or little bed: the peace of heaven, the beauty of angels and the smile of innocence are beaming from that tiny form, and calling on you for your love, for your patience, for your assistance. Learn to look upon that little one with your whole soul, and thoughts and feelings will steal and creep into your heart and make it swell and warm, that I have felt a thousand times, but cannot give utterance to. So you have slept, when you were babies; so we all have. Why should innocence, beauty and gentleness, which are stronger than iron and the sword, flee from us with the years of childhood? Sorrow and care may wrinkle our face, age may dim our eye, and the storms of life cause our steps to falter, but if virtue, faith and hope have kept the heart young and fresh, when our last hour arrives, our Father in heaven will gather to His bosom again His sleeping child.

DR. KARL G. MAESER.

THE SEVEN OAKS.

BEFORE Christianity was introduced in Germany, there lived on the banks of the

river Elbe, in Europe, a Polish chief, who planted in the yard of his castle, in memory of his seven sons, who had fallen in battle, seven oaks, naming, at the same time, the castle after them. Twelve centuries have passed over castle and oaks since that time. The dark forests of the surrounding country have been replaced by fruitful fields, lovely villages and thriving towns; the language, the religion, the manners, customs, laws and government of the people around have changed many times since then, and of the old castle, repeatedly burned down and built up again, only a few gray walls, overgrown with ivy, are left. And of the old oaks—two stumps you can see standing yet near the ruins of the ancient battlements, and they are—stone.

Often have I stood before them, when a boy, and wondered if those stumps, hard as flint, but preserving in mockery the appearance of wood, were ever green, covered with leaves, and if birds sang under their branches too. How is it that a tree can turn into stone? Have we a miracle before us, or only a specimen of the agency of some law of nature? To these and similar questions nature always gives answer, if we will only study her glorious and truthful language.

These two petrified stumps are not the only ones of their kind, for in almost every country do we find such objects; not only trees and plants of various kinds, but also beasts, skeletons of birds, fishes and reptiles.

In the moment the spirit departs from any creature, animal or plant, the elements of which the body was composed endeavor to sever their connection with one another as fast as possible The way this decomposition, as it is called, is carried on, is quite various. Sometimes it is done by means of fire, or the bodies burn; then one portion of them goes up into the air as smoke, the other remains behind as ashes. In another instance the elements separate more slowly, and the body falls gradually to pieces; then we say the body decays. In both cases the very shape of the animal or plant is dissolved. The last change the elements cause with bodies is represented to us in these two petrified stumps of oak. When the substances of the body leave it very slowly and gradually, the earth surrounding them has time to fill up the vacancies with its own material, keeping the body from falling to pieces, until finally all vegetable or animal matter is gone and has been replaced by mineral substances, which retain not only the form but also in a great many instances the color of the body so faithfully that you cannot notice any difference by merely looking at it. Thus many of the monsters of former periods of our earth, or interesting objects of bygone generations, have been preserved and handed over to us by nature, as testimones of the unceasing wisdom and power of the Creator.

But, my young friends, as those two petrified stumps once greened and bloomed with their mates, as seven live oaks, and the spirit of life had his throne within them, causing them to grow in strength and beauty, thus is also the Spirit of Him who created you residing in your hearts, causing you to think, to love, to hope, to grow, even to be exalted to the glories of a higher state. When life's changes come, when many a storm will have passed over your heads, when bitter sorrows shall have tried you, or business or pursuit of earthly prosperity occupied your mind for long years, will it ever happen with any of you that your heart fail of hope, love, innocence, and life should grow cold and hard, and you, although in all outward appearance a man, with all the attributes of the Father above us, should have become so filled with the interests of this world, that there would be no room left for the elements of your divine origin?

Then, oh then, would the Genius of life, the guardian angel from the heavens, turn mournfully away from you, sighing—of stone—of stone.

REVELATION.

How shall I commence the present article? Shall I tell a story to make it interesting to you, young Latter-day Saints? Shall I relate something of the experience of my own life, to convince you of the truth of my words? or shall I open every channel of my heart to pour out all the happiness and consolation that I have gained from the contemplation of the works of nature? I will simply bear my testimony to you, that there is no religion in the world which is so entirely and completely in harmony with the eternal laws by which the Great Source of everything has created and is governing this endless creation, as the kingdom of heaven, the latter-day work commenced by revelation through Joseph the Prophet. The reason of this is that the religion taught by Joseph is the eternal Gospel, and the wisdom, cunning, craftiness or ignorance of man has not and cannot devise anything to compare with it.

"In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and God was the word," as the Scripture says, and the word of God is revelation; revelation, therefore, was the beginning of the visible world, and revelation was the beginning of the great work of redemption through the Son of God. You have been taught my young readers, that the work of revelation never can cease in the kingdom of God, that the Lord will continue to speak to the children of men by the voice of His Holy Spirit through His prophets and His priesthood; and is it otherwise in the material world?

Suppose, there is a little swallow, taken from his nest when young, and kept since then in a room. Autumn has come, and the little bird gets restless and wants to be off. We open the windows and away he goes to the far off sunny south. Who told him of an approaching winter. who showed him the way to milder climes? The voice of nature. Who taught the birds to build their nests so beautifully that no artist, with all his skill, can imitate them? The voice of nature. The ostrich takes out of the nest one of the eggs, carries it some distance, knocks a hole in it, and leaves it exposed to the burning sun, which soon causes it to decay, and flies by thousands put their eggs in it; by the time that the young ostriches have been hatched out from the remaining eggs, that one which the mother threw away is full of worms, which are the first food for the young brood. Who told the ostrich mother to provide in such a manner for her young? The voice of God through nature. Who taught the bees and ants their social organization with captains and queens, and wild geese to choose a leader? Who tells the crows and storks of lands beyond the wide sea when and how to change their locations, and teaches the young lamb the voice of its mother? The God of nature. He directs them all, leads them all, organizes them all, and all creatures in the universe follow that voice; the sun, the moon, the stars, the rivers, the land and sea, the birds of the air, the beasts and creeping things—but man. He alone has departed from the ways God has marked out for him—he alone refuses to listen to the still, small voice. He alone denies the Almighty the right to govern and direct his worldly affairs, denying that God speaks to him any more. Should He who never ceased revelation in one half of His kingdom, have ceased it in the other half? No, never! The thought is folly.

Still He sends His prophets, still He gives visions, dreams, prophecies, inspires His servants with wisdom, sends His angels, heals the sick, and answers our prayers, and His voice has never ceased among those that obey His commandments from

the creation, when He cried out, "Let there be light!" and will not cease until the morning of the first resurrection, when His voice will penetrate the graves of the saints: "Arise!"

THE TWO ROSES.

AMONG all European nations there is not one excelling the French in their love for flowers, roses especially. Scarcely a family throughout the land, in city or country, can be found without their flowerpots; and flowers are brought out on every occasion to enhance, by their beauty and fragrance, the arrangements of festivals, which nobody can get up with more taste and gentility than a Frenchman. A great many years ago there lived in the great city of Paris, the metropolis of France, a poor widow and her daughter, a young girl of about seventeen years of age. They had formerly lived in affluence and ease in some place in the country, but at the death of the husband and father their property had been sold out by merciless creditors, and they sought refuge in the big city, where nobody knew them, to earn their living with their needles. Of all their former comforts nothing was left them but a beautiful rosebud, in a large pot, standing at the window of their humble dwelling, and bearing, although it was late in the fall of the year, two buds. The mother had been confined to her bed with sickness for a long time, and it was clearly apparent that she was hastening rapidly to her end, but was nursed by her daughter with an affectionate tenderness which at once showed the brave girl and the loving daughter.

One evening, having spent a day of more than usual suffering, the mother called her daughter to the bed, and told her that her hour had come, and she had to die, but comforting her weeping child she, as though inspired, said, "My daughter, the Father in heaven has seen your care and what you have done for me, and I bless you in His holy name. You will not be forsaken when I am gone, for a mother's blessing will be your inheritance, and He, the Father of the orphan, will pay all my debt to you; but promise me to plant one of those white roses, when they blossom, on my grave, for they come from the bush that grew in my childhood's home." The young girl promised it with tears and kisses, and a few hours later stood alone in the world.

The sickness of her mother had nearly drained her purse; the expenses of the funeral took her last sou, and when, a few hours later, the landlord entered her room for the rent, she had nothing to pay. With a politeness which a Frenchman seldom forgets before ladies under any circumstances, but with a heart as hard as stone, he listened closely to her entreaties for patience and simply shrugged his shoulders. At this moment his eyes fell upon the rosebush, one of the buds of which was about to burst into bloom, and advised her to sell it to a gardener, as such a bush in blossom at that time of the year would bring enough money to pay the rent. Without hesitation, the young girl refused the proposal, declaring that one of the roses had been promised already, and she had no right to sell them. The landlord very politely deplored the circumstances, but informed her that she would have to leave the house the next morning. As he left he told her that he would be obliged to retain her few pieces of furniture as pay for the rent. Scarcely had he gone, when the unhappy girl threw herself on her knees, and with bitter tears called upon her mother to come and take her away from the world. In her agitation, she had not noticed the entrance of a richly dressed servant who, respecting the grief of the stricken girl, waited in silence at the door until he should be observed; then, with such an apology as the

occasion required, informed her that his mistress, waiting in her carriage at the door, had seen the roses at the window and desired to know if madamoiselle would sell one of them for one hundred francs. Like an answer from beyond the grave, and reproach for her despair, came this message to her, and with new hope she sent the rose away and received the money, which seemed to her almost a fortune.

The next morning she beheld with joy the other rose was also opening in splendor and beauty, and true to her promise, she prepared herself at once to take it to her mother's grave, when the same servant of yesterday entered her room with a note for her. It was from a high-born and noble lady, who regretted that by some accident her white rose had been spoiled, and offering her five hundred francs for the other one, which she wished to obtain as a birthday present for her mother. With astonishment, the servant heard her regret that she could not sell the rose, as it was promised to somebody else, and she was just going to take it there. After the servant had gone, the young girl, with her white rose carefully wrapped in her shawl, left her humble abode to accomplish her sacred errand—to visit her mother's grave, and fulfil her promise. She did not notice that she was followed at some distance by a carriage. She finally entered the graveyard, and having found her mother's resting place, knelt down, and weeping, and with many kisses, planted her rose on the grave. "O my mother," she cried, in the midst of her sobs, "here is your rose which I promised. O tell my Father in heaven to help me."

She had believed herself to be alone, but imagine therefore her confusion when she, in turning round, beheld a young lady leaning upon the arm of a gentleman and apparently deeply affected by what she saw, and the same servant standing respectfully at some distance behind them. The lady held out her hand, and said, "Come home with me, my dear girl. The Lord has sent us, and a better birthday present I could not give to my own dear mother than to bring her a daughter that has thus honored her own mother, though in the grave, and to you I will always be a sister. This is my husband, dear; and he joins me in the desire to have you live with us in our family." And with gratitude the young girl entered her new sphere of life, to which she was an ornament all her days.

AMONG THE STARS.

"WE can walk to school, or ride on horseback or in a wagon to some distance in the country, people in other countries travel by railway or steamboat, or cross the ocean in sailing or steam vessels; this we all know; but among the stars,—now, you just hold on, that is nonsense, for nobody could get up there!" So you all exclaim, no doubt, in reading the head of the present article.

I assure you, my young readers, however, that I have found a vehicle that will carry us for a while up there, and bring us back again in less than no time. It is not a balloon, for that would bring us only to the moon in a year—the nearest of all the stars, supposing we could go so far. It is not even a ray of light upon which we could fly in about eight minutes to the sun, in one hour and a half to Jupiter, a planet which is 1333 times bigger than our earth, and in four hours to the last of the known planets; but then we should have to travel over three years before we could reach the nearest sun to ours, and several thousand years before we should be among those many stars which we call the "Milky Way," and perhaps still longer to reach others. No, no, light, which travels about twelve millions of miles in a minute, is too slow for such a journey—we

must have a conveyance quicker even than light, and that is—the thought of the human mind.

In thought we may dive into the fathomless depths of the ocean of stars above us, and guided by the telescope and the calculations of scientific men, whose reseaches have been made under the inspiration of the Great Spirit of the universe, listen to the "harmonies of the spheres."

Starting from our earth, we behold that it is a star also, only much smaller than the most of those our eye can reach, and that it swims like them in space, accompanied by the moon, its nearest neighbor —and the smallest of all the stars we can see with the naked eye. But far away, where our sun would appear to us about the size of the beehive on the top of President Young's house, we should see our earth the size of a small marble, revolving around the sun about the distance of Sugar House ward, West Jordan ward, Hot Springs, etc., in one year, and the moon like a pea tied to it, as it were, on a short string, sometimes keeping to the right or left, before or behind. The other planets we should see still further off, the last of them of the size of a common cannon ball, about fifty miles distant. Some of them are accompanied by four to six moons, of which several are almost as large as our earth.

If we were to visit any one of them, we should likely find it inhabited, though, perhaps, by beings different in some respects from those that inhabit our earth. There are no two leaves perfectly alike, and in all nature you can find the same variety. Do you think that He who devised this multiplicity would have been uniform and monotonous in the designs of the creations that are filling the endless domains of His kingdom? Their forms, motions, light, sizes and connections, are so manifold that we cannot begin to understand the thouandth part of what we see, which again is only a very minute part of the great unknown worlds that may be forever hidden from the knowledge of man.

And now we find that even our present conveyance—the thought of the human mind—that great endowment of proud and vain man, upon which he has built for ages his doctrines, sciences, knowledge and power, must yield to a greater one which has been given to man again in these last days, and by which all that was, is, and will be, can be brought to light. It is the whispering of the Holy Spirit to the prophets—revelation, which will shed a flood of light upon that which has been dark, and lift up the mind of man, where his thoughts never could have ventured.

A TREE.

Oh dear, a lecture on botany! exclaim, no doubt, some of my young readers, recollecting the "horrid" words in the Fifth Reader of endogenous and exagenous plants, cryptogamias, etc.; but when I assure them that I require neither Greek nor Latin, but a young, fresh heart, ready to receive anything that is sweet, lovely and good, will they not listen to me for a little while? Not a learned professor, with spectacles and snuff box, dried up behind his books, shall speak to you, but I have invited an old friend, who will speak in a language better than Greek or Latin, truer than any book, sweeter than any poet—the book of nature. Our teacher today is a tree, or rather, a fallen tree, in fact, the trunk of a tree yonder on the wayside, at the mouth of the canyon. What! can a tree talk? you ask. I answer, listen to him—he will tell you the story of his own life.

You see, my young friends, where the saw has cut the tree, a great number of rings around the centre; every tree puts on one of them each year. I counted the rings in this one; there are one hundred and fifty this tree tells us, therefore he was one hundred and fifty years old when he

was cut down. From the center to the thirty-ninth ring you see them all fine, even, strong and regular, only on one place we notice them closely pressed together; he wants to tells us by that, that the first thirty-nine years of his life was spent in prosperity, in company with another tree close by his side, which was, however, suddenly taken away from him, for we see the fortieth ring in that place describing its uninterrupted circumference again. But do you not notice from the forty-fifth to the forty-ninth rings how thin they look, how close they are together? In these years of his life he had very little to subsist upon, little snow in winter, not much rain in summer, and he went through a time of famine for four years; but you see how he recovered again in the following years and made up for the loss sustained. How beautiful and fully-developed are his rings now again up to the ninety-second. But what do we see here? The next eight rings are disturbed all of a sudden on this side, as if he had received a severe shock; and do you notice on his outside that long overgrown scar? When he was ninety-two years old a flash of lightning struck him, and it took eight years to heal up the injuries received by it, as we can see on his rings, for the hundredth is again fully round. This side of the tree was turned to the weather, for the texture of the wood is stronger here; this side was protected by some rock or mountain, which the lighter color indicates. He was a tree that spread his branches far and wide, for you see the thick stumps yet protruding through his bark; and in the latter part of his life his top was broken off by some storm of wind or other cause.

He is now far from his kin, but the seed he has left behind has germinated, and other trees, upon whom, like upon his children, he has been looking down with pride and gladness, have sprung out of it and adorn yonder mountains.

When, my children, this trunk, now lying at our feet, can tell us so much of itself; when the voice of nature, even out of that tree, speaks to us in such true and intelligible words of the works of God, should we not think that the finger of the Almighty has written down everywhere the great record of his workmanship, and that nothing is too mean in nature but that it proclaims the glory of Him who made us all!

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

ENVIRONMENT.

[READ BEFORE THE PARENTS' CLASS, WEBER STAKE ACADEMY.]

DURING every waking moment of life the formation of character is going on. It is largely a resultant of every voluntary action from the cradle to the grave. There are different forces at work which bring about this final result, and almost by common consent they are conceded to be heredity, environment and will. Just which is of most importance is still a disputed question. As to heredity, a man cannot choose his parents; and as will acts through choice, environment determines largely what the will shall be. Certain it is that environment is a powerful factor in character building; and as it is in a measure determined by us, it is well worth our careful consideration.

Webster defines environment as "surrounding conditions, influences, or forces by which living forms are influenced or modified in their growth and development." Scientists tell us that a child is born deaf, dumb and blind, yet possesses marvelous possibilities for develop-

ment. The organism itself of bone, muscle and nerve fibre, determine the boundaries of the child's development; but unless acted upon by external influences, there would be no development. Forms or waves of light touch the eye and create elementary ideas of color in the brain, vibrations of air enter the brain through the ear, the sense of touch begins its creative power in the brain. Acted upon by these external influences, the child begins to move, to smile, to laugh, to stretch out its hands, to see, to hear, to touch, and to smell. And so the process of development goes on, through infancy, childhood and maturity. The objects around him,—the trees. birds and flowers,the mother's tender love, the brothers and sisters, and later the school, the playground, church, books and friends—all these and countless other objects and influences to which he responds and upon which he depends for physical, mental and moral growth, constitute environment.

Heredity and other influences fix the limitations of mental and physical growth, but they may be modified by environment. All men would not have become Shakespeares even if subjected to the same or more favorable environment, and the chances are that Shakespeare would not have given us his immortal plays had he not left Stratford and gone to London, where he found the germ of true theatrical taste, which fanned into flame the spark of genius within him.

In moral development, however, with which we are here chiefly concerned, it may be safely asserted that environment is the greatest factor. No human being ever had the external conditions for growth by which its full possibilities have been realized. A perfect environment has never been attained; but were such a thing possible, no evil would ever be brought into existence. A child may be born with a tendency to anger, but under perfect external conditions, where no cause for anger ever arose, anger would never be a part of his nature. If surroundings are neat and tidy from childhood, the chances are that the child will be dainty and clean. If brought up in a Christian family it is most likely he will be God-fearing and moral. Numerous examples exist of wicked sons and irreligious daughters who came out of the best of families, and history is full of examples of high achievement without a favoring environment, and also of sad failures with the most hopeful surroundings. This is no argument, however, against the power of environment. The great majority of instances is on the side of environment. Some natures are strong from birth, and rise above unfavorable conditions, while others are good or bad just as their associates and surroundings may be. Yet everyone is more or less governed by this law, and many declare it to be of greater consequence than education. Houses, climate, people, the words we hear, the actions we see, the influence of every person and thing with which we come in contact, leave their impressions upon us.

It is said that the Greeks could not have been other than artists, living as they did in such a beautiful country. Nothing in excess and clearness of outline were the first maxims of Greek art. This they undoubtedly drew from nature. Mountains and islands are never over large in Greece. The climate is never very cold or very hot. The singular transparency of the atmosphere gave a clearness of outline to every object.

If climate and topography have such a marked influence on a people, what would be the possibilities of correspondingly moral environment? For honesty, sincerity, and piety, we have few choicer examples than the home of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Taught from infancy to love truth and religion, the brothers and sisters were fully

prepared to have faith in their brother's glorious mission.

History and our own experience abound in examples of men and women whose lives show that it is possible to change or rise above unfavorable conditions. Poverty and lack of opportunity did not hinder the achievements of Abraham Lincoln. His attainments were not on account of his unfaverable surroundings, but in spite of them. How much greater might they have been under favorable conditions. Thomas Edison, John Jacob Astor, Stephenson and scores of others might be mentioned.

Our heavenly Father expects us to maintain good surroundings, and if they are not good, to do our best to improve them. In numerous instances He testifies to the power of environment. He withdrew His chosen people from Egypt to escape the contaminating influence of idolatry; He inspired Lehi to leave the wicked city of Jerusalem; and now in the last days He has led His people to a retreat in the tops of the mountains, in fulfillment of the prophecy of John the Revelator, who said, "And I heard another voice from heaven saying, Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins and that ye receive not of her plagues."

John W. Emmett.

REVISION OF THE OUTLINES.

CHURCH HISTORY. (Third Year Theological).

LESSON 4.—CHURCH ORGANIZED.

History of the Church (vol. 1, chaps. 5-8).

History of the Prophet Joseph. (Lucy Smith). Chaps. 31-34.

One Hundred years of Mormonism. (Evans). Chap. 5.

I.—THE AARONIC PRIESTHOOD RESTORED.

1. By whom? A reason. Lesson setting time, place, etc.
2. To whom?
   a. Repeat the words of the heavenly messenger.
3. The first baptisms.
   a. The outpouring of the Spirit.
   b. Kept secret.

II.—THE MELCHISEDEK PRIESTHOOD RESTORED.

1. By whom conferred?
2. Circumstances and approximate date.

III.—ESPECIAL WITNESSES OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

1. The vision and the testimony of the three witnesses.
   a. Repeat their testimony and names.
2. The testimony of the eight witnesses.
   a. Repeat their names.
3. The necessity and value of these witnesses.
4. Witnesses all true to their testimony until their death.

IV.—ORGANIZATION OF THE CHURCH.

1. Several converts made and baptized.
2. The day set to organize.
3. Instructions given by revelation. (See Doc. and Cov. Sec. 20).
4. Formalities of organizing.
   a. Prayer. b.—Vote to sustain officers; c—Ordinations; d—Sacrament; e—Revelation received, rejoicings, etc.
5. Organized according to the law of the land.
   a. Names of the first six members.

LESSON 5.—EARLY EXPERIENCES OF THE CHURCH.

References: History of the Church, vol. I, chaps. 9, 10 and 11.

One Hundred Years of Mormonism. (Evans). Chap. 6.

I. The Prophet's ministry at Colesville.
  1. The first miracle.
    a. Contrast between good and evil spirits.
  2. Additions to the Church.
  3. The first conference of the Church.
    a. Spiritual gifts manifested.

II. Persecution Becomes Rife.
  1. The Prophet arrested.
    a. Pursued by a mob.
  2. Acquitted and re-arrested.
    a. A ridiculous trial.
    (1). Able defense by Davidson and Reid.
    b. Acquitted again.
  3. Escaped from the mob aided by a former enemy.

III. Revelations Amidst Persecutions.
  1. The vision of Moses given.
  2. Instructions concerning the Sacrament.
  3. Revelations compiled.
  4. Spurious revelations through Hyrum Page.
  5. Only one man to receive revelation for the Church. (See Doc. and Cov., Sec. 28).
  6. Mr. Hales' opposition.
  7. Mission to the Lamanites.
  8. Sidney Rigdon converted.

Lesson 6. — Rapid Growth of the Church.

Topics: Many revelations given. Church commanded to gather in Ohio.

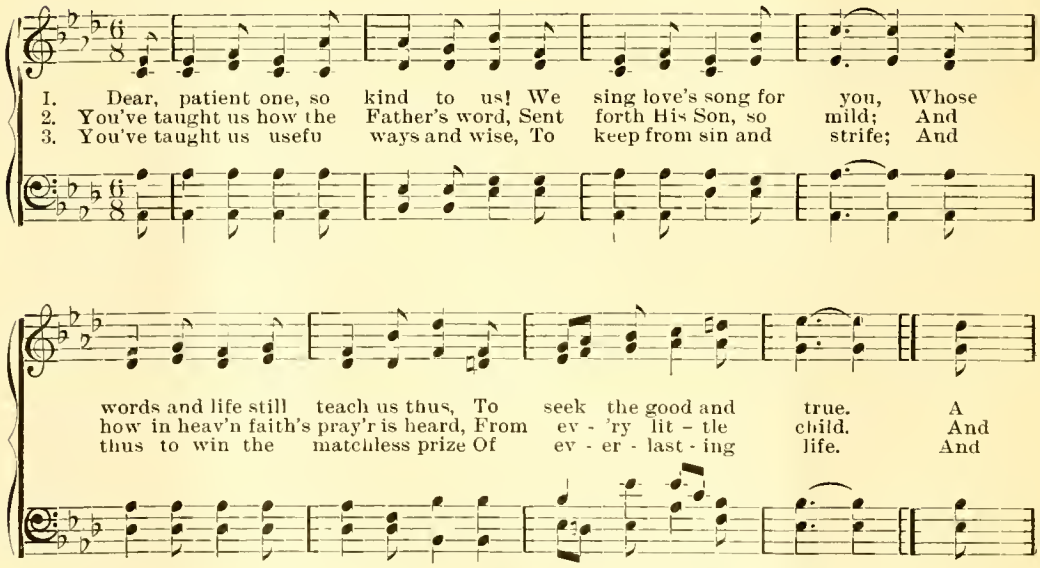
Doctrinal development. Incident of James Covill. Kirtland a branch. Revelations by a woman. References: History of the Church, (vol. I, chaps. 12, 13).

CHILDREN'S SONG OF LOVE.

TO A TEACHER.

Words by L. L. Greene Richards. **Music by Geo. Careless.**

Andante.



parent's ten - der, watchful care, For us you've tru - ly shown; You've
now we pray in Christ's dear name, That joy shall come to you, For
in dear Je - sus' home a - bove, Where souls like yours be - - long, We'll

Rall.

taught us oft the pow'r of prayer, Be - fore the heavenly throne.
that all straight and free from blame, The paths which we pur - sue.
sing a - new our songs of love— For you love's sweetest song.

CHORUS. *A tempo.*

Love's golden chain the Sav - ior holds, 'Tis pure and bright and strong; No

measure can de - scribe its length, No test can prove its mighty strength,

Yet link by link love's chain unfolds, The children's grateful song.

SALT LAKE CITY, - JANUARY 15, 1907

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TAKE YOUR MEDICINE.

PEOPLE sometimes pile up the evil consequence of their actions by postponing the legitimate and natural results of their wrong doing. They seek temporary remedies that in the end make permanent relief not only more difficult but more painful. What a common thing it is for people to abuse their stomach, then rush for a bottle of bromo seltzer. The bromo seltzer is not really what the stomach needs. What it requires is rest, better treatment, more carefully guarded diet, greater regularity in one's habits. In the beginning a day or two of correct living will overcome the trouble, but the temporary remedy is after all no remedy at all. It is simply an accumulation of trouble that in the end will result in dyspepsia, rheumatism, gout or some other chronic disease.

If a man will say to himself in perfect frankness: "I have the headache; it is the result of late hours, excessive eating or improper food; my stomach rebels against such treatment; it demands rest, regularity, temperance; my aching head is the punishment nature lays upon me. These are natural remedies. If I let my head ache for a few hours or a day and accept the punishment that is honestly due me, I shall have the experience as a constant warning against future repetitions of the same trouble," he will be at least honest with himself. But men will not do that; they want quick relief; it is a headache tablet, bromo seltzer. This remedy may bring instant relief but it is not permanent. But some may ask if such a course would not be an argument against any good effect that medicine might have. Not at all. Medicines as a rule are drastic remedies which the continued violation of nature's laws makes necessary. It is always better for men to cure themselves, when they know the cause of their trouble, and that the trouble will cease when the causes are removed, than it is for them to seek the aid of others. It frequently happens that the very pain is itself the best and safest remedy. So it is in our spiritual and moral lives. We are in trouble; we ourselves know the causes and we know very well that when the causes are removed our trouble will end.

No man can have animosity in his heart toward his fellow man and be happy; he cannot secretly exult in the misfortunes of others and possess brotherly love. If he will enjoy the highest quality of human happiness, he must remove the envy and malice that interrupt the peaceful workings of the human heart. It too frequently happens that when men are in trouble they

seek temporary relief by persuading themselves that others are to blame; that if others are punished it will help them. Now, no man's punishment can ever be a blessing to any other man. It may be a warning, but not a comfort; it will not remove the evils from his life, even though it may deter him from committing others.

What men need to do is to shut off the causes attending evil and undesirable habits, then the cure is complete and satisfactory. For the ills of human conduct there must of course be remedies and sometimes the remedies must be drastic in order to cure evils of long and chronic standing.

But there are evils that come into our lives interrupting our happiness and diminishing our influence for good that can be removed by the simple process of removing their causes. The doctrine of repentance is as good a doctrine for our physical natures as it is for our spiritual natures. The trouble is men are not frank with themselves; they are not honest with themselves, they take cold because they got in a draught; because they rode in an open street car; it has given them the headache. They want you to believe that their trouble is the result of external influence over which they had no control. The facts are that in nine cases out of ten the causes are more the result of draughts of impure and improper food than they are the result of draughts of pure air. It is just as natural for men in their spiritual and moral lives to account for their troubles by ascribing them to circumstances over which they had no control. There are circumstances and conditions over which men do not have control; there are forces at work in the life of every useful man that make for his education and usefulness. He has sacrifices to make, tribulations to undergo that he may be fitted for some special mission in life. There are so many exceptions to the rules in life that there are few rules which it is absolutely safe to follow under all circumstances. No question, however, can arise when the causes of trouble are simple and can be easily seen. Their remedy should be sought for in the removal of the causes rather than by some temporary and unnatural relief. So it frequently happens that men would be better off in the long run if they took their medicine by accepting punishment and seeking reform.

This is an age of temporary relief. We are not curing things, we are simply postponing present ills without eradicating individual and national diseases.

LETTERS TO MY BOY.

XVIII.

My Dear Son:

Boys frequently like to talk, sometimes they talk too much; they want to be entertaining and would like to be good conversationalists. In this letter I want to tell you something about the value of being a good listener. A listener is not simply a man who keeps his eyes and ears open. When I speak of a good listener I mean something more than that; I mean one who invites conversation; one to whom others naturally like to talk, because they feel that he not only listens but is appreciative. A listener may sometimes need to make a remark or ask a question in order to direct the conversation in a channel that will be both useful and pleasurable.

A little story will perhaps give you a good illustration of what I have in mind. About twenty years ago I was a missionary

in the city of Berlin. Other missionaries had been there before me. Among other acquaintances was an elderly lady of great natural refinement and of a cultured mind. She was so well informed on the Scriptures that her conversations with my predecessors soon became a controversy and like most religious discussions of that kind became a source of irritation and dissatisfaction. They failed to accomplish anything except ill will; it was a mere contest for supremacy.

Her daughter was a member of the Church and on my first arrival the daughter took pains to explain to me the unhappy effects upon her mother of her discussions with the Elders. The mother did not care to have them come any more to her home. A month or six weeks passed away. The mother began to express a little curiosity to see the new Elder. As time went on her prejudices relaxed and she consented that the daughter should bring him home to dinner, some Sunday. I had heard much of the fruitless discussions of those who had preceded me and believed they could be avoided. Why should I urge the controversy; she did not care to talk about my religion; perhaps she would enjoy conversations on other subjects. At any rate I concluded that she might do all the talking. I was much interested in all that she had to say and aside from an occasional question to ininvite attention, I really said nothing. Sunday afternoon passed off agreeably. It was not long before I was invited again a second and a third time. The mother was a woman who really had something to say and whose conversation was edifying. On these two subsequent occasions as on the first, she did all the talking.

Then invitations came to take dinner with her one or two evenings during the week. This was a great change from her former attitude. One Sabbath morning her daughter approached me with a smiling countenance and the remark that a great change had come over mother; she was so much more friendly than she used to be. "Mother" said the daughter, "declares that you are the most delightful conversationalist she ever met." That is, I had permitted her to do all the talking and kept her by my attention and questions in a happy mood. After awhile, as the sequel would show, I was permitted to talk, and many months had not expired before she was converted to the faith. That my ability to listen had won me the reputation of a delightful conversationalist was a compliment that I both appreciated and enjoyed.

It not unfrequently happens in life that it is more important to be a good listener than to be a good talker. It is said that good listening will draw people out, make them unbosom themselves and establish a confidential relation which after all is one of the happiest relationships that exist among friends. Now the point that I would like to impress upon you is that people must really become good listeners before they can become good talkers. If this rule is reversed boys imagine that they must first become good talkers, they are very apt to be bores; they become tiresome simply because they do not know how to discriminate between that which is simply interesting to themselves and that which is interesting to others.

One of the objects of all good conversations is to interest others; to be mutually interesting. If I do not take a sympathetic interest in what others are saying and doing and thinking, how can I make my conversation pleasant to them. Learn, therefore, to listen; but you will ask me if listening is something to be learned; if it is not so easy that every body can listen simply by keeping their ears open. No, that simply means hearing. Your hearing may be very good but you may be a very poor listener.

One who listens not only catches the meaning of the sound, but understands the feelings and motives and aims that prompted the expression of words. Good listening becomes heart talk; good listening begets friendship and confidence; good listening helps us to overcome selfishness, and helps us to take as much pleasure in the lives of others as we take in ourselves. Lastly, you cannot be a good listener to an intelligent man without being intelligent yourself. You must read and study; you must know something of human nature; of the conditions of life, of history, past and present; of science and literature. In short you must know something about that in which the human family is interested.

An ignorant man, an unsympathetic man, a bad man, can never be a good listener. There is something in the old adage that boys should be seen and not heard; but the adage needs some explanation because there are boys and boys. There are some boys that people like to talk to, that intelligent men and women like to talk to; and there are some boys to whom such people have little or nothing to say.

Why do people like to talk to some boys? Because some boys are impressionable, they have receptive natures; they drink in what is said; they manifest understanding and friendship, and it is this understanding and friendship that entice people to talk. Get understanding therefore, my boy, and be appreciative. You will then be a good listener and people will enjoy talking to you.

THE GOVERNMENT OF GOD.

(FROM THE WRITINGS OF PRESIDENT JOHN TAYLOR).

CHAPTER II.

THE GOVERNMENT OF MAN.

WE will now turn our attention a little to the government of man, and see how that will compare with the foregoing, for man stands at the head of this beautiful creation; he is endued with intelligence and capacity for improvement; he is placed as a moral agent, and has the materials put into his hands to work with, the works of his Father as a pattern, the conduct of many of the inferior creation as an example—and might make the earth a garden, a paradise, a place of uninterrupted happiness and felicity, a heaven below. And if God had not delegated this moral agency and power to man, and thus given him the privilege, in part, of being the arbiter of his own destiny, such it would have been to this day, like the Eden from which he was ejected because of his transgression. For he had everything placed within his power, and was made lord of the creation. The beasts, birds fish, and fowl, were placed under his control; the earth yielded plenty for his wants, and abounded in fruits, grain, herbs, flowers and trees, both to satisfy his hunger, and to please the sight, taste, and smell. The fields waved with plenty, and produced a perennial harvest. The fruits teemed forth in all their luscious varieties to satisfy his most capacious desires. The flowers in all their gaiety, beauty, and richness, delighted the eye; while their rich fragrance filled the air with odoriferous perfumes. The feathered tribes, with all their gorgeous plumage and variety of song, both pleased the eye, and enchanted and charmed the ear. The horse, the cow, and other animals, were there to promote his happiness, supply his wants, and make him

comfortable and happy. All were under his control, to contribute to his happiness and comfort, supply his most extended desires, and to add to his enjoyment; but with all these privileges what is his situation?

With celestial blessings within his reach, he has plunged down to the very verge of hell, and is found in a state of poverty, confusion and distress. He found the earth an Eden—a paradise; he has filled it with misery and woe, and has made it comparatively a howling wilderness. And let us not blame Adam alone for this state of things; for after his ejection from Paradise, the earth was sufficiently fertile to satisfy all the desires of man with moderate industry, and is at the present day, if it were not for the confusion that exists, and if men were properly situated, and its resources developed. But more of this anon.

At present we will examine some of these evils, and then point out their cause, and the remedy.

We find the world split up and divided into different nations, having different interests, and different objects; with their religious and political views as dissimilar as light and darkness, all the time jealous of each other, and watching each other as so many thieves; and that man at the present day (and it has been the case for ages), is considered the greatest statesman, who, with legislation or diplomacy, can make the most advantageous arrangement with, or coerce by circumstances, other nations into measures that would be for the benefit of the nation with which he is associated. No matter how injurious it might be to the nation or nations concerned, the measure that would yield his nation an advantage, might plunge another in irremediable misery, while there is no one to act as father and parent of the whole, and God is lost sight of. What is it that the private ambition of man has not done to satisfy his craving desires for the acquisition of territory and wealth, and what is falsely called *honor* and *fame?*

Those private, jarring interests have kept the world in one continual ferment and commotion from the commencement until the present time; and the history of the world is a history of the rise and fall of nations—of wars, commotions, and bloodshed—of nations depopulated, and cities laid waste. Carnage, destruction, and death, have stalked through the earth, exhibiting their horrible forms in all their cadaverous shapes, as though they were the only rightful possessors. Deadly jealousy, fiendish hate, mortal combat, and dying groans, have filled the earth, and our bulwarks, our chronicles, our histories, all bear testimony to this; and even our most splendid paintings, engravings, and statuary, are living memorials of bloodshed, carnage, and destruction. Instead of men being honored who have sought to promote the happiness, peace, and wellbeing of the human family, and greatness concentrating in that, those have been generally esteemed the most who produced the most misery and distress, and were wholesale robbers, ravagers, and murderers.

From whence come these things? Let the Apostle James answer: "From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members? Ye lust, and have not—ye kill, and desire to have, and cannot obtain: ye fight and war, yet ye have not, because ye ask not. Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts." James iv: 1-3. Here is evidently a lack of that consummate wisdom, that moral and physical control, that parental power which balances the universe, and directs the various planets. For let the same recklessness, selfishness, individuality, and nationality there be manifested, and we should see the wildest confusion.

Man has come in contact with man, morally, physically, religiously, and nationally, from the foundation of the earth. If God's works had done so, what tumult and ruin there would have been in the immensity of space! Instead of the order that now prevails, man would have been sometimes frozen to death, and at other times burned up; one or two seasons of irregularity, even in climate, would depopulate the earth. But what if the planets, irrespective of the power by which they are controlled, were to rush wildly through space, and, with their mighty impetus dash against each other? What fearful consequences would ensue. There would be "system on system wrecked, and world on world." What terrible destruction and ruin! We have read of earthquakes destroying countries, of wars depopulating nations—of volcanoes overwhelming cities, and of empires in ruin; but what would the yawning earthquake, the bellowing volcano, the clang of arms, or a nation's distress, be in comparison to a scene like this? System would be shattered with system; planet madly rush on planet; worlds, with their inhabitants, would be destroyed, and creations crumble into ruins. There would be truly a war of planets, "a wreck of matter and a crash of worlds." These, indeed, would be fearful results, and show plainly the distinction between the beautiful order of God's work, and the confusion and disorder of man's. God's work is perfect—man's imperfect. The one is the government of God, and the other that of man.

We notice the same mismanagement in the arrangement of cities and nations. We have large cities containing immense numbers of human beings, pent up, as it were in one great prison-house, inhaling a fetid, unwholesome atmosphere, impregnated with a thousand deadly poisons; millions of whom, in damp cellars, lonely garrets, and pent up corners,drag out a miserable existence, and their wan faces, haggard countenances, and looks, tell but too plainly the tale of their misery and wretchedness. A degenerate, sickly, puny race tread in their steps, inheriting their fathers' misery and distress.

If we notice the situation of the nations of Europe at the present time, we see the land burthened with an oveplus population, and groaning beneath its inhabitants, while the greatest industry, perseverance, economy, and care, do not suffice to provide for the craving wants of nature. And so fearfully does this prevail in many parts, that parents are afraid to fulfill the first great law of God, "Be ye fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth;" and by desperate circumstances are almost forced to the unnatural wish of not propagating their species; while corrupted with a correspondent depravity with that which reigns among nations, they are found using suicidal measures to prevent an otherwise numerous progeny from increasing their father's misery, and inheriting his misfortunes. And yet, while this is the case, there are immense districts of rich soil, covering millions of square miles, inhabited only by a few untutored savages, or the wild beasts of the forest; and such is the infatuation of man that in many districts of country, which were once the seats of the most powerful empires, and where flourished the mightiest nations, there is nothing but desolation and wildness. Such are Nineveh and Babylon, on the Asiatic continent; and Otolum, and many others discovered by Stephens and Catherwood in Central America. Not only their cities, but their lands are desolate, and forsaken, and the same evils that once existed there are transferred to another soil, all bespeaking plainly that we want a great, governing, ruling principle to regulate the affairs of the world, and assist poor, feeble, erring humanity.

Again, if we examine some of the de-

tails of these evils, we shall see more clealy the importance and necessity of a change. Nearly one-third, speaking in general terms, of the inhabitants of the earth are engaged in a calling that would be entirely useless if the world were set right.

If men and nations, instead of being governed by their unruly passions, covetous desires, and ambitious motives, were governed by the pure principles of philanthropy, virtue, purity, justice, and honor, and were under the guidance of a fatherly and intelligent head, directed by that wisdom which governs the universe, and regulates the motions of the planetary system, there would be no need of so many armies, navies, and police regulations, which are now necessary for the protection of those several nations from the aggression of each other, and internal factions. Let anyone examine the position of Europe alone, and he will find this statement abundantly verified. Look at the armies and navies of France and England; and the confusion of Russia also Austria, Turkey, Germany, and Spain, not to mention many of the smaller nations, and let their armies, their navies. and police be gathered together, and what an abundant host of persons there would be. They would be sufficient to make one of the largest nations in the world. And what are they doing? To use the mildest term, watching each other, as a person would watch a thief for fear of being imposed upon, and robbed, or killed; but generally strolling around as the world's banditti, robbing, plundering, and committing aggressions upon each other; and if they have peace, acquiring it by the sword; and if prevented from aggression and war, it is generally, not that they are governed by just or virtuous principles, but because they are afraid that aggression might lead to combinations against them which would result in their overthrow and ruin.

In the city of Paris alone, at the present time, and its immediate environs, there are one hundred thousand soldiers, besides police to a very great number, not to mention the vast number of custom house officers and others. Suppose we add to these their families, where they have any, and where they have not, notice the vast amount of prostitution, misery, degradation, and infamy, that such an unnatural state of things produces. I give the above as an example of the whole, but here the navies are not included. I say again, What are these all doing? They do not raise corn to supply the wants of men, nor are they occupied in any useful vocation; but they must live, and their wants must be supplied by the products of the labor of others. There has to be an immense amount of legislation for the accomplishment of this thing, and instead of having one government of righteousness and the world obeying, we have scores of governments, all having to be sustained in regal pomp, to be equal to their neighboring nations; and all this magnificence and national pride having to be supported by the labor of the people. Again, all these legislatures have to provide an immense host of men, in the shape of custom house, excise, and police officers, to carry out their designs, all of whom, and their families, help to increase the burden, till it becomes unsupportable. That, together with the unnatural state of society, before referred to, in regard to the situation of the inhabitants of cities and the nations, plunges millions of the human family into a state of hopeless destitution, misery and ruin, for they are groaning under all these hopeless burdens without having sufficient land to till to meet their demands, and as natural means fail they are obliged to have recourse to those that are unnatural. Hence, in England a great majority of the inhabitants are made slaves of, virtually to supply the wants of the greatest part of the world, and are forced to be their laborers. Thousands of them

are immured in immense factories, little less than prisons, groaning under a wearisome, sickening, unhealthy labor; deprived of free, wholesome air; weak and emaciated, not having a sufficiency of the necessaries of life. Thousands more from morning till night are immured in pits, shut out from the light of day, the carol of the birds, the beauty of nature, sickly and weak. in many instances for want of food; and yet, in the midst of their wretchedness, gloom and misery, you will sometimes hear them trying to sing in their dungeons and prison-houses, in broken, dying accents,

"Britons never shall be slaves."

I will here give, as an example, an iron works that I visited lately in Wales. One of the proprietors informed me that they employed fifteen thousands persons, and paid them £5,000 per week. Most of these people labored under ground, in the pits, digging for iron ore and coal; the remainder were employed principally about the furnaces, in rolling the iron, etc., at heavy, laborious, fatiguing work. And who were they toiling for? Principally for the Americans and Russians, at that time, to furnish them with railroad iron. And what did they get for their labor? The riches of those countries? No, £5,000 a week among about fifteen thousand persons. I suppose, however, a number of these were boys and girls. The average wages of men was from ten to twelve shillings per week. And this is their pay for that labor; and yet the masters are not to blame, that I can learn, for they are forced by competition to this state of things, and by the unnatural, artificial state of society. If they did not do this their workmen must be out of employ, and ten times worse off, if that were possible, than they are now.

The situation of the peasantry and workmen in France, Germany, Prussia, Austria and Russia, and in fact I may say of Europe generally, is worse even than that of the same class in England; and wherever we turn our attention we see nothing but poverty, distress, misery and confusion; for if men do not copy after the good and virtuous, they generally do after the evil. When nations and rulers set the pattern, they generally find plenty to follow their example; hence covetousness, fraud, rapine, bloodshed and murder, prevail to an alarming extent. If a nation is covetous, an individual thinks he may be also; if a nation commits a fraud, it sanctions his acts in a small way; and if a nation engages in wholesale robbery, an individual does not see the impropriety of doing it in retail; if a strong nation oppresses a weak one, he does not see why he may not have the same privilege; corruption follows corruption, and fraud treads on the heels of fraud, and all those noble, honorable, virtuous principles that ought to govern men are lost sight of, and chicaney and deception ride rampant through the world. The welfare, happiness, exaltation and glory of man are sacrificed at the shrine of ambition, pride, covetousness and lasciviousness. By these means nations are overthrown, kingdoms destroyed, communities broken up, families rendered miserable, and individuals ruined. I might enter into a detail of the crimes, abominations, lusts and corruptions that exist in many of our large cities but I shall leave this subject and conclude with the remarks of the Prophet Isaiah, who gazed in prophetic vision on this scene: "Behold, the Lord maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth it upside down; and scattereth abroad the inhabitants thereof. * * * The earth is also defiled under the inhabitants thereof, because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinances, and broken the everlasting covenant. Therefore hath the curse devoured the earth, and they that dwell therein are desolate." Isaiah xxiv: 1, 5 and 6.

Iniquity of every description goes hand

in hand; vice, in all its sickening and disgusting forms, revels in the palace, in the city, in the cottage; depravity, corruption, debauchery, and abominations abound, and man, that once stood proudly erect in the image of his Maker, pure, virtuous, holy, and noble, is vitiated, weak, immoral, and degraded; and the earth, which was once a garden, not only brings forth briars and thorns, but is actually "defiled under the inhabitants thereof."

Those great national evils of which I have spoken are things which at present seem to be out of the reach of human agency, legislation, or control. They are diseases that have been generating for centuries; that have entered into the vitals of all institutions, religious and political; that have prostrated the powers and energies of all bodies politic, and left the world to groan under them, for they are evils that exist in church and state, at home and abroad; among Jew and Gentile, Christian, Pagan, and Mohammedan; king, prince, courtier, and peasant; like the deadly simoon, they have paralyzed the energies, broken the spirits, damped the enterprise, corrupted the morals, and crushed the hopes of the world.

Thousands of men would desire to do good, if they only knew how; but they see not the foundation and extent of the evil, and long-established opinions, customs and doctrines, blind their eyes, and damp their energies. And if a few should see the evil, and try a remedy, what are a few in opposition to the views, power, influence, and corruption of the world?

No power on this side of heaven can correct the evil. It is a world that is degenerated, and it requires a God to put it right.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

VARIETIES.

Debt is the secret foe of thrift, as vice and idleness are its open foes. The debt habit is the twin brother of poverty.

O the paralyzing effect of the fear of evil! It surely doth "make cowards of us all." It makes us pygmies where we might be giants, were we only free from it.

Beautiful it is to understand and know that a thought did never die; that as thou, the originator thereof, hast gathered it and created it from the whole past, so wilt thou transmit it to the whole future.

Small kindnesses, small courtesies, small considerations, habitually practiced in our social intercourse, give a greater charm to the character than the display of great talents and accomplishments.

To love one soul for its beauty and grace and truth, is to open the way to appreciate all beautiful and true and gracious souls, and to recognize spiritual beauty wherever it is seen. Let us cultivate and have more of this pure and ennobling element.

A man is especially and divinely fortunate, not when his conditions are easy, but when they evoke the very best that is in him; when they provoke him to nobleness and sting him to strength; when they clear his vision, kindle his enthusiasm and inspire his will.

THE CASTLES OF THE RHINE.

THE ruined castles that once belonged to the robber noblemen; the strongholds from which they sallied forth and levied toll on all who passed up or down the Rhine, stand today as witnesses of the destruction wrought long ago.

The castles were of immense dimensions, a castle and a fortress combined. Hundreds of years have passed away; bats and owls are their inhabitants now, and some ivy clings around their crumbling towers. Fierce rains beat upon them; snow covers them with a mantle of spotless white; the sun shines through their paneless windows, and as ghosts wan and pale they appear in the moonlight's sheen. Silence and solitude surround them, but, O, they are full of beauty, of legends and of dreams.

About one mile beyond Capellan on the left bank near the river, is "Konigsstuhl," (King's Seat) an open temple where the German electors met to deliberate upon the affairs of the empire, make treaties of peace, and nominate or depose their emperors. The Konigsstuhl was originally built at the close of the fourteenth century by the Emperor Charles IV. The site was chosen as being the most central point in the territories of the four Rhennish Electors, and it is said when a trumpet calling a meeting was blown, the electors of Mainz at Castle Lahneck; Treves, at Castle Stolzenfels; Cologne at Rhens, and Pfalz at

OBERLAHNSTEIN.

Castle Marksburg, could hear its sound. It was destroyed by the French in 1795: As nearly as possible it was restored to its ancient condition in 1843 by a patriotic society, and principally from the old materials.

On the opposite bank of the river near Oberlahnstein, among the trees is a small, white chapel, where Wenselaus of Bohemia was deposed as king. Crossing to the Konigsstuhl they proclaimed the Count Ruprecht emperor in his stead. Emperor Wenselaus, head of the house of Luxemburg, a pleasure-loving monarch, often sojourned here, surrounded by his boon companions, loving this life more than the cares of state. Ruprecht always coveting the crown, was ever near him. One day surrounded by his court, while drinking a famous wine, he said, "Ruprecht, this wine is unequalled, but could you find me a better, you may have my crown for the asking." Ruprecht hastened to his castle and brought a cask of wine of Bacharack, which when tasted was pronounced superior to that praised by the Emperor. The promise was kept and it was said "The imperial crown was sold for a cask of Bacharack."

Rhens, situated on the right bank, is one of the oldest towns on the Rhine, most of its houses dating from the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries. Around it still are the walls and moat, constructed in 1370 by the Archbishop Frederick of Cologne.

The castle of Marksburg is the only one of the old castles upon the Rhine which is now inhabited. The castle was erected in the middle of the thirteenth century by Count Philip of Katzenelbenbogen. In 1803 it became the property of the Duke of Nassau, who converted it into a state prison, for which it was used down to 1866. At present it is a fortress with a small garrison. Here Emperor Henry IV was confined for some time, his cell is now shown to visitors. A secret passage leads through the rock to the tower on the Rhine.

Beyond Brauback the river takes a sudden bend in the shape of the letter S, but straightens again as we reach Boppard. This town, the ancient "Bandobriga" owes its origin to the building of a castle here by Drusus, of which several portions still remain. The Romans in the reign of Valentinian I, enclosed the city with a wall ten feet in thickness, and twenty six feet in height. This wall, which is still in fair preservation, forms an exact square, and was fortified with strong towers at the angles, and six semi-circular turrets on each side. In the twelfth century it was made an imperial city and surrounded by an outer wall. In 1312 it was given by the Emperor Henry VII, to the Elector of Treves, who rebuilt the castle of Drusus. The old convent of Marienberg—a vast building—was erected in 1145 by Emperor Henry V. The following legend is told of this convent:

Count Conrad Bayer of Boppard, who had distinguished himself in the crusades under the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, was left in charge of the imperial city of Boppard. Here he met and fell in love with a maiden named Marian, who lived in a castle on the opposite bank of the river, whose only brother and protector was absent with the Emperor. Wearying at last of his love, he ceased to visit her, and left her to despair. During one of his hunting trips in the forest, he was suddenly accosted by a strange knight on a white charger. On Conrad demanding his name, the knight replied that he was the brother of the devoted maiden, and challenged him to mortal combat to avenge her honor. Conrad drew his sword, and at the first blow his adversary fell mortally wounded. Raising the dying knight's visor, to his horror Conrad discovered that his opponent was none other than his deserted bride. Remorse seized upon him; he sold

his possessions and founded and endowed the convent of Marienberg to the memory of his murdered love. Then entering the order of Knights Templar he fell at the seige of Ptolemais in Syria.

There is a pretty legend about the castles Sternberg and Liebenstein, locally called "The Brothers." Two brothers, Conrad and Heinrich, fell in love with their foster sister, the lovely Hildegard. Heinrich generously gave way in favor of his brother and joined the Crusaders. The Knight von Boppard built this castle for the reception of the bride and groom, but before the marriage day he died, so the wedding was postponed. Conrad heard of the glorious deeds of Heinrich and left to meet him in Palestine. Hildegarde, brooding over her lonely lot repaired to the old castle of Liebenstein, refusing to see all visitors. One day Conrad returned to Sternberg bringing with him his bride, a lovely Grecian girl. Late one night a strange knight arrived at Hildegarde's who challenged Conrad to mortal strife. Just as it began Hildegarde discovered the knight was Heinrich, and herself stood between the combatants. The brothers became reconciled, then Hildegarde retired to a convent. Conrad's bride later became faithless; then the two brothers passed their days together in the closest friendship in the castle Liebenstein, while Sternberg was left deserted.

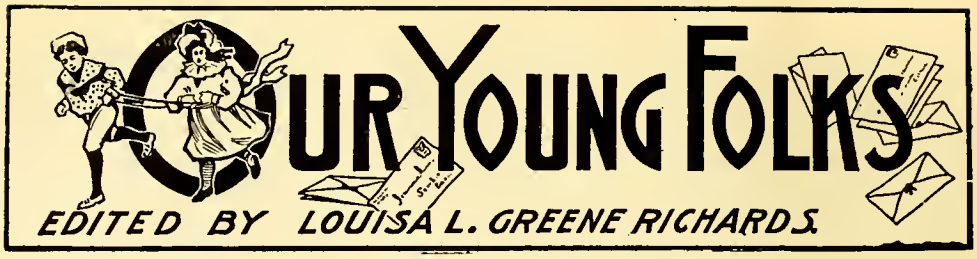
The town of St. Goar owes its name and origin to St. Goar, who in the reign of Seigbert, King of Austria, in 570 came here to preach Christianity. His sanctity soon arrested other holy men and a religious fraternity was established here. At that time the navigation of the Rhine was attended by much danger. St. Goar, after passing the day exhorting his rude hearers watched the passing barques at night to save them from shipwreck. Seigbert hearing of his piety, made him Archbishop of Treves. This dignity Goar declined, asking leave to continue his peaceful life. It is said that he proved to his noble patron "by throwing his threadbare cloak across a sunbeam where it held as on a peg" that his mission was of divine origin. On the death of St. Goar, Seigbert caused a chapel to be built over his remains, and here for many centuries the monks of St. Goar received pilgrims and extended hospitality to travelers. It was thought that to neglect to pay a visit to the tomb of St Goar brought down misfortune on the pilgrims of the Rhine. It is said that Charlemagne once passed it by when he was encompassed by a dense fog, and forced to return, when having offered prayer at the shrine, the mist disappeared. His wife Fastrada was miraculously healed at the shrine, and his two sons, Charles and Pepin were reconciled there through the intercession of the saint.

Lydia D. Alder.

PRONUNCIATION.

HERE is a curious couplet, which illustrates in one sentence the various values of the combination "ough," and shows how phonetically inconsistent are the spelling and pronunciation of some English words. The lines may be supposed to be the words of an invalid who had a strong will and was determined to live in spite of his ailment:

Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through,
Yet o'er life's lough my course I will pursue.



Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards. 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

LOST AND FOUND.

When I was a very little girl, my aunt, or the lady I lived with and called aunt, (my mother died when I was but a babe,) sent me to the farm, which was about three miles from our little Mormon colony.

The mesquit was so tall and dense that it was almost impossible to find the way through it. But the few men who had settled there had chopped away the great growth of mesquit, dug out and removed the large, tough stumps and made a wagon road which could be followed.

As my aunt placed the dinner pail in my hand and tied my sun-bonnet under my chin, she said to me:

"Now dear, take the dinner to uncle, and don't stop to play, for it is ten o'clock now, and it will be noon by the time you get there."

You may ask, my little readers, why uncle did not take the dinner with him.

Well, I will tell you. Arizona was but a bleak wilderness then, and it was very hard times for the few Mormon settlers, difficult to get supplies for the families. Perhaps I mistake in saying the times were hard. But there were only a few stores on the Gila River then. The nearest store east of our little settlement was thirteen miles away, while the nearest on the west was fifteen. Those were the nearest stores, with no railroads within a hundred miles. So there were good prices paid on freight, and the whole land was covered with savages who were killing cow-boys, killing freighters, or any poor human they could catch out on some lonely road or in some dreary woodland. There was danger in going any distance from town, but of course risks must be run in order to make a living. The men managed so that part were left in town to take care of and protect the women and children. You see they were Pioneers sent to settle up this country.

Trips had to be made occasionally to the stores for provisions. Our supplies had run short, with scarcely enough for supper the previous evening. The supply wagon came in that night, but very late, having been held up by Indians who had recently killed one of our dear brethren.

The excitement was dying away, and although auntie did not like to send me alone, she was very delicate and unable to go herself, and there seemed to be no other way. Uncle had to go so early that morning, before provisions could be got and made ready for his dinner, because it was his turn to use the irrigation water, and he had to stay with it, so his dinner must be sent to him. The irrigation ditch was but a small stream of water, and each man had to take his turn in using it, so that the water could be made to reach all the farms.

Uncle must have had but a scanty breakfast, and could not wait for his dinner to be cooked. "Send her early, Mamie, and send her by the flume below the rock house," he had said to auntie.

So she placed the pail in my hand, tied my bonnet and led me to the gate. Pointing to the old rock house she said, "You know the old rock house, dear?" "Yes," I answered.

"Well, there is a flume just below it. You cross the flume and follow along the

fence until you get to uncle John's field."

So off I started, pail in hand, turning this way and that and often retracing my steps to get through the thick mesquit. I came to the flume, crossed it all right, and kept on, winding my way back and forth, trying to keep track of the fence. The country was strange to me, and coming to a patch of long, slender willows, thickly mingled with the mesquit, I could scarcely make my way by crawling through the tangled mass. The growth was so tall and I so small I could hardly see the heavens. I stopped and looked around me. I was lost!

Realizing this I began to get very frightened. I wandered on and on, thinking only of gaining a clearing that perhaps I might tell where I was. Hither and thither I wandered and yet I could not find my way. I did not weep, I was too dazed, but I still clenched the dinner pail.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LETTER-BOX.

Not Living at Home.

LINCOLN, IDAHO.

I thought I would write to the Letter-box to see if it will come in the next JUVENILE. I am seven years old and love to read the letters in the JUVENILE. Mama has taken it for two years and we all like it fine. We have lived in Idaho three years, but our home is in Lehi.

BESSIE VAUGHAN.

A Sad Remembrance.

BASALT, IDAHO, Dec. 12, 1906.

We take the JUVENILE, I like to read the letters.

My oldest brother is on a mission. He is just as old again as I am. I have one brother going to the Ricks Academy. I am nine years old. I am in the fourth grade. My other brother is in the eighth grade. Our school house has six rooms in it. Our Sunday School superintendent's name is Charles Criddle. His wife and little girl got drowned while he was on a mission to England. When I see him in Sunday School I always think of little Lottie, for he always held her on his lap.

RULON JENSEN.

Lonely at Home.

SPANISH FORK, UTAH.

We have taken the JUVENILE ever since I can remember, and I like to read the letters.

We are very lonesome here now. My dear papa died on the 13th of last June, his name was Peter P. Hanson, and he was only fifty years old. My dear sister Clara died on the 20th of October, she was sixteen years of age.

I have two brothers married, and so there are only two sisters and mama and me at home. I go to Sunday School. Primary and Religion Class.

I have two ducks and ten pigeons. I had three pairs of rabbits but the dogs killed them.

HENRY TALMAGE HANSON.
Age 11 years.

What Knowles Heard.

SALT LAKE CITY, Dec. 7, 1906.

I heard President Joseph F. Smith speak in the 21st Ward chapel last Sunday night.

He said "there are some little children here;" and he looked right down at me. Then he read out of the Bible about being baptized.

I think he loves little children, and I love him. "If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all men

liberally and upbraideth not and it shall be given him."

From a boy six years old.

KNOWLES PIERCEY.

Grandpa Visits from Mexico.

LUND, NEVADA.

I like to hear the children's letters and thought I would write to the Letter-box.

I have four brothers. One of them lives with grandma. Our papa died January 5th, 1905. We are very lonely now.

I like to go to school. I am in the second grade. My Aunt Vilo lives with us and is teaching school. Grandpa Redd came to see us. He lives in Old Mexico.

I am eight years old.

GWENNIE BRYNER.

Would Like to Help Some One.

MAYFIELD, UTAH, Dec. 13, 1906.

I have been reading the little letters in the JUVENILE INSTRTCTOR and I have been interested in them and thought I should like to see my name in the INSTRUCTOR with my young friends.

I am a little Mormon boy. I shall be ten years old in January, 1907. I was baptized in the Manti Temple when I was eight years old. I saw little boys, men and ladies get baptized for their dead friends and relatives, and I felt as if I should like to be baptized for some one.

We keep the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR in our home and we like the continued stories very much.

MAYLIN NIELSEN.

A New Meeting House.

SALEM, IDAHO.

We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and like to read it very well. We also take the *Children's Friend* and are very interested in it.

There are five children of us, I am the only boy. Papa is the bishop. We shall hold ward conference in our new meeting house in two or three weeks. We have a very nice meeting house. We go to Sunday School, Primary and Religion Class, and day school. I am eleven years old.

LEON HARRIS.

Charade.

COLONIA, DIAZ, CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO, December 5, 1906.

I like to guess the charades, so I thought I would send one composed of thirteen letters.

1, 2, 3, is a fowl.
6, 9, 10, is a person.
4, 9, 8, is a small animal.
10, 12, 8, is used for catching birds.
2, 13, 12, all people have.
5, 12, 9, 7, 8, is used for making bread.
10, 9, 8, is a boy's name.
2 9, 8, is what all people do.
7, 6, 9, 4, 8, is an adjective.
7, 9, 11, 8, is a mineral.

The whole is the name of a great explorer.

MAE WHITING, age 13.

Busy with Schools and Meetings.

HENEFER, UTAH, Dec. 13, 1906.

As I have not written to the JUVENILE before, I thought I would try it now.

I have been interested in the "Boy Shoemaker of Berryville," and am sorry it has been concluded.

I also like to read the letters and have been able to answer many of the charades.

I am fourteen years old, and attend day school, Sunday School, Young Ladies'

Mutual Improvement meetings, and Primary.

Wishing all my friends a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

IVY I. BREWER.

Likes the Juvenile.

SALT LAKE CITY, January 9, 1907.

I like the Christmas JUVENILE and the first of January number very much. I think the story of "The Boy Shoemaker," ends beautifully, and it is a splendid story. And I hope more of the young folks will write letters like June Temberth's, telling interesting things about their parents. An aunt of mine used to work in the coal mines like the men, in Scotland, before she heard the Gospel preached. She and her husband knew the Gospel was true when they heard it, and came to Utah and got them a good home.

I am 13 years old.

JENNIE PACE.

Sunday School Entertainment.

NEWTON, CACHE CO., UTAH.

We are always glad when the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR comes and we can read it. I was sorry to have the story of the "Boy Shoemaker" end, but hope we shall have another as good.

Our Sunday School got up a cantata to play during the holidays. It is "A Dream of Fairyland." I am ten years old. I am in the fifth grade in school and I guess most of the charades printed in the Letterbox. I hope you all have had a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

EVELYN CHRISTENSEN.

Answers to Charades.

CHESTERFIELD, IDAHO.

I will send the answer to Edwin and Edna Barnoes' and Vasco Huffaker's charades in December 15. The answer to the first is "Christmas" and to the other one "John G. Whittier."

W. S. HIGGINSON, 12 years old.

MR. DAVE HALLEWELL:—If you will read again the sixth chapter of the "Boy Shoemaker," in the JUVENILE of April 15, 1905, I think you will find the answer to your question. Mr. Bonner took charge of the money to restore it to young Zellon, the rightful owner.—ED.

Charade and Letter.

ELGIN, OREGON.

We guess the charades and will send one which we have made, composed of ten letters:

3, 4, 4, 5, is a heavenly body.

7, 4, 9, 2, 10, are sometimes made of seaweed.

7, 8, 3, 2, is an old city.

10, 4, 5, is a relative.

3, 2, 5, a common noun.

The whole is the name of a kind of candy.

My brother is going to school in Logan. I am ten years old.

CLARA WEECH.

A Disappointment.

Imagine, if you can, children, the disappointment upon opening an envelope with a Mexican stamp on it, to find a slip of paper containing only this:

"If you think that piece worth publication, please print it in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR." Nothing more, not even a name.—ED.

WEAL AND WOE.

If life with joy was all aglow;
If paths were green where'er we'd go;
If sorrow were a stranger here;
If pleasure never nursed a tear;

If clouds ne'er came to hide the blue;
If none were false and all were true;
If joy had naught to check its flow;
Could we arrange our hearts to go
Where all is weal and naught is woe?

Sarah E. Mitton.

BE KIND TO YOUR MOTHER.

Be kind to your mother, don't treat her with scorn,
She has guarded your life since the day you were born;
She has watched o'er your cradle and rocked you to sleep;
Remember her love, then, so tender and deep.

O faithful one, mother! the world owes her fame
For the sons and the daughters who now bear her name;
Through sorrow and pain she has brought them to earth,
Gave them the chief blessing of all—mortal birth.

Be kind to your mother in this mortal life,
You some day, yourself, may be husband or wife,
And if blessed parentage come to your share,
You'll then know some things which a mother must bear.

Oh! who then will point forth the finger of scorn,
To the mother who multiplied children has borne?
The hands that rock babies to sleep on the hearth
Fill the noblest missions of women on earth.

When Adam and Eve in the garden were placed,
The first great commandment unto them vouchsafed,
Was to multiply, fill and replenish the earth,
Be the father and mother, and give mortals birth.

So search where you will in the mansions of gold,
The home without children is gloomy and cold;
Though fashion's broad evils refuse them today,
The people who do so will dwindle away.

But what of the woman who toils in this life
As the virtuous mother, and honorable wife?
Through faithful obedience to the laws that are given
She shall reign as a queen in the mansions of heaven.

The joys of her increase will be without end,
Through eternity will her dominion extend;
She will look back, rejoicing, to this mortal life,
Bless the days she became a true mother and wife.

V. F. Davis.

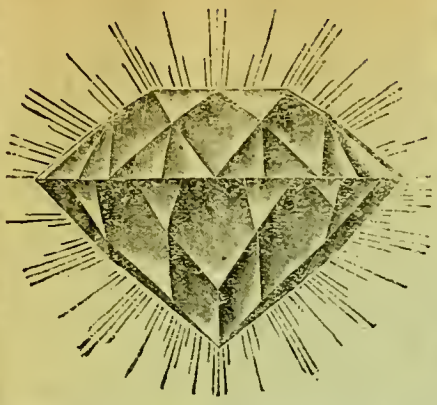
CUTE PIPS FROM SMALL LIPS.

Knowing Arthur, five years and a half. "You don't know what mama is going to do with the chickens' hearts, Mattie; I do. She is going to chop them fine and put them with the sage and bread crumbs, to help make the dressing good."

Superior Mattie, nearly seven. "Oh, you duncy boy, Arthur! Chickens don't have hearts, they have gizzards."

Visitor, to little six year old. "How oddly they call you, dear! Please, what is your name?"

Little six year old, modestly. "My really best name, for Sundays and Christmas, is Amelia; but for every day, they call me Traddles."



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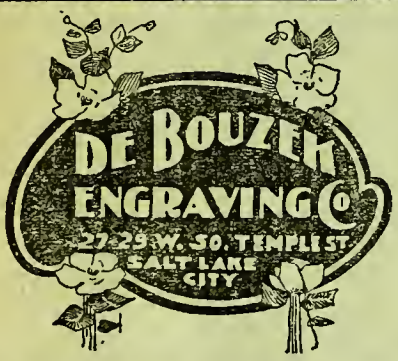

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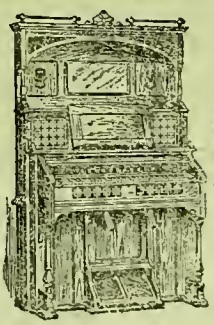

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